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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

A Common Burden

WHEN THE Chair of Unity Octave was begun in 1908, it was taken for granted that submission to the authority of the Catholic Church was the only conceivable way in which Christians could be reunited with each other. If such a way of approaching Christian disunity now seems dated, at the time it was a bold step, one which broke through centuries of indifference and hostility. That Protestants and Orthodox Christians were worthy of prayer was in itself a novel, disturbing idea.

Needless to say, the recipients of these prayers were less than impressed with the conditions of unity put forward; but the real effect, over the long run, was the way the Unity Octave helped to reshape, if ever so slightly, Catholic thinking. It forced Catholics to do what they were not, on their own, apt to do: to take other Christians seriously.

Now, some fifty-six years later, the Unity Octave continues, but with a difference. To say that the idea of conversion as a means of unity "seems dated" reflects the great change which the past decade has witnessed. The essential weakness of the idea of conversion was that it did not possess a vision of corporate reunion. It treated Protestants and Orthodox as discrete individuals, failing to recognize that they, like Catholics, belong to a community of believers. Their faith is not just an isolated affirmation; much more, it is a corporate union, rich in tradition and a sense of sharing, one with another, common beliefs and a common love. For all the differences among Protestants and Orthodox (which Catholics were once prone to gloat over), they too can boast a fellowship and sense of identity transcending their divergencies.

If Catholics have now come to see the reality of Protestantism and Orthodoxy as genuine communities, they are now also coming to see, with a freshness of insight, the very real bonds which hold all Christians together. We honor the same Lord; we draw sustenance from the same Holy Bible; we thirst for the same ultimate destiny. We know that when we attack each other, we wound everyone, ourselves included. We wound ourselves because we fail in charity, without which, as St. Paul has told us, our faith has no meaning.

YET FOR all the great advances which have been made, we have still taken only the first steps. But since they are sometimes the hardest—think only of the spiritual revolution required for Patriarch and Pope to exchange the kiss of peace—it is impossible to repress a sense of joy with the work which has already been accomplished. It is now accepted as a matter of course that Catholic and Protestant theologians meet and talk with each other; that a Pope will greet with affection a non-Catholic church leader; that a Catholic biblical scholar would not think of writing without taking account of Protestant exegesis; that Protestant scholars will read a Küng, a Murray, a Rahner or a Schillebeeckx with attention and enthusiasm.

Now and then, of course, one will hear of a slight from one quarter or another. Only recently, the great Protestant biblical scholar, Oscar Cullman, was refused permission to lecture at the Pontifical Gregorian University and at the Pontifical Angelicum Institute in Rome. When such things happen, it is as if the past were grabbing at the coat-tails of the future—a momentary delay, but nothing more. Dr. Cullman finally spoke before 1000 people, including Cardinal Tisserant, at the French church of San Luigi dei Francesci in Rome. History can't be stopped.

But if history does not stand still, no one is yet able to forecast its outcome. Christianity is not just a religion of love; rather, it is a religion of love in truth. And that means no one will slight the truth for the sake of unity. For all the early fears of those who saw any encounter of Christian with Christian as an opening to indifferentism, however, nothing

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of the kind has happened. The ecumenical movement has thrust all Christians back to their deepest roots; not shallow syncretism, but a more solid grasp of ecclesial self-identity: that has been a vital result of Christian dialogue.

There is still a vast distance to go in that direction. As the Second Vatican Council has shown, the Catholic Church still does not possess a full understanding of itself. What is the Church? What is the priesthood? What is tradition? Who are the bishops? The answers we find in our old catechism no longer suffice. For their part, Protestants have discovered that they can claim no greater self-knowledge. We are all ignorant of what it means to be a Christian; or, rather, we know and do not know.

It is this last problem which suggests most forcefully the possibility of Christian cooperation. The world which confronts mankind in the twentieth century is a world as new to Christians as it is to all other men. No church can claim a monopoly of wisdom in prescribing cures for the ills which afflict it. More than that, no church can afford to neglect the efforts of other Christians in attempting to make some sense of it. Protestants and Orthodox can learn from recent papal encyclicals. Catholics can learn from the social thought of the World Council of Churches. Racial discrimination, urban poverty and the degradation of slums, overpopulation, the challenge of Marxism—the list is endless, and it is meaningless to talk of these things as "Catholic" or "Protestant" problems. They concern all Christians.

In the past, the churches have suffered the agonies of the day apart. Now we must suffer these agonies together. "Father, that they may be one so that the world may believe."

Threat to AID

IF PRESIDENT Johnson's thrust is more in a domestic than an international direction, he is known as an advocate of foreign aid. Difficulty in securing Congressional approval for this coming year's foreign aid led him to appoint an eight-man committee, headed by Under Secretary George W. Ball, to review the whole program. Three years ago Mr. Ball, as chairman of a similar committee, thought that our efforts were too anti-Communist and not sufficiently pro-economic-development; today he apparently feels that our foreign grants and loans go too far the other way, having economic development as their sole objective. He finds the program not sufficiently directed toward our national interest.

In any case the remedies his committee now propose constitute a worse threat to the nation's long-range foreign aid program than the roughest opposition to it so far developed in Congress. It is ironical that such should be the result of this assignment of President Johnson's to find out what can be done for foreign aid.

The Ball proposal calls for drastic changes both in policy and organizational structure. It seeks to change from a disinterested effort to help various underdeveloped countries over the difficult stage of early growth to a focus on aid with political objectives. American assistance would be granted on the basis of immediate and long-term practical demands as adjudged by our foreign policy makers. The somewhat parallel structure of the Agency for International Development would be done away with; aid would be administered directly by the State Department, with the authority for the program in various regions residing in the Assistant Secretaries of State. Thomas C. Mann, President Johnson's new Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs, serves as the prototype.

There is no sign that national pride and the spirit of national independence is lessening among the emerging countries of the world. They manifest little desire to become pawns of American or Soviet foreign policy. Many have come to believe in the sincerity of American emissaries who have been proclaiming that the long-term achievement of productivity, prosperity and stability by these new nations is clearly to the interest of the United States. To transform American foreign aid from a disinterested to a tactical basis would greatly impair the widespread trust and goodwill recently built up in many lands. Drawn up in the name of economy, effectiveness and governmental efficiency, the Ball prescription would prove far worse than the ailments it was assigned to remedy.

Outbreak in Panama

THE FRONT page of the New York *Times* unwittingly chronicled the confusion over Panama. The first day story on the outbreak and killings merited only a one-column headline; the second-day story, though it only fleshed out the details, was spread across the first page in an eight-column banner, one of the largest headlines the *Times* carries. What was a minor embarrassment on Friday was a full-fledged crisis on Saturday, and most of us wondered what all the fuss was about and how it was allowed to happen.

Amid the confusion, there were many object lessons. One is that the pending wheat deal with Russia apparently moderated the Communist propa-

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ganda push: Moscow made only a cursory protest and Castro was deprived of a golden opportunity by being summoned to Moscow for a mystery conference. Secondly, the nation had another look at the new President under pressure. He showed a willingness to act quickly and firmly, as he had to, even before the situation was clear. His telephone call to the President of Panama, the dispatching of Assistant Secretary Mann and the determination to shift the crisis to the small O.A.S. Inter-American Peace Committee were decisions reached within a few hours after the first word of trouble.

Thirdly, and perhaps most importantly, we were all reminded how odd our national posture of anti-colonialism can appear when a crisis points up our stake in an extra-territorial or quasi-colonial holding. The differences between the American presence in Panama and nineteenth-century European colonialism are obvious. But so are the similarities: the U.S. exercises sovereignty over land to which it has no historical or ethnic claim; it supports there thousands of American citizens who have developed the inevitable colonial society of their own, living apart from the Panamanians and on an incomparably higher standard. The random quotations from Americans in Panama about keeping the Panamanians in their place seem to argue for a full-fledged colonial mentality.

Like the European nations at the start of colonialism's decline, the U.S. can decide on some show of force—which, despite Senator Goldwater's belief, would be incomparably damaging. As for the alternative—concessions—Senator Goldwater has a point when he says they are likely to increase nationalism and thus widen the scope of the problem. Then too, it is galling to consider that the situation is being exploited by Panamanians, in the short run for election-year gains, and in the long run to distract attention from the fact that a ruling oligarchy—one or two percent of the population—controls virtually all the economic and political power in the nation.

Yet on a short-term basis, the concessions are essential, simply to bring the forces of moderation to the fore in Panama and undo, as much as possible, the damage to U.S. influence throughout Latin America. As for turning the zone over to Panama, the U.S. is not willing to discuss the matter, and no one in authority in Panama has even suggested it. The facts of life are that U.S. prestige, and the effect on the base at Guantanamo, cannot allow it, and at any rate Panama is not equipped to run the canal.

Yet, even now, it might be well to remember that our presence in Panama—and Guantanamo—is a hangover from the era of gunboat diplomacy and "manifest destiny" that is bound to become more and more embarrassing as years go by. Long ago, our $25 million gift to Colombia constituted an international admission that our creation of the state of Panama, then a province of Colombia, and virtual seizure of the canal zone, deserved some sort of public atonement. As pressures on us grow, and as the zone becomes less important to us militarily, internationalization of the canal zone seems to loom as a more satisfactory *mea culpa*.

WASHINGTON REPORT

Cynics, Critics and Presidents

"WE HAVE in 1964 a unique opportunity and obligation to prove the success of our system—to disprove those cynics and critics at home and abroad who question our purpose and our competence," President Johnson told Congress in his State of the Union message.

"If we fail, if we fritter and fumble away our opportunity in needless, senseless quarrels between Democrats and Republicans, or between the House and the Senate, or between the South and the North, or between Congress and the Administration, then history will rightfully judge us harshly," he added.

The tone of the rhetoric in this passage suggests that Mr. Johnson does not really take very seriously the criticisms of the observers he describes as "those cynics and critics." President Kennedy, a more thoughtful and detached observer of our country and its politics, showed considerably more wisdom when he said in all seriousness in his State of the Union message in 1961:

"I speak today in an hour of national peril and national opportunity. Before my term has ended, we shall have to test anew whether a nation organized and governed such as ours can endure. The outcome is by no means certain. The answers are by no means clear. All of us together—this Administration, this Congress, this nation—must forge those answers."

Three years later, those answers have not been forged. The half-hidden crisis within our form of national government has persisted and deepened. There is a crisis because our federal government has proved incapable of coping with major national problems. It is a half-hidden crisis largely because, despite a growing public awareness, the affluence that most of us enjoy deadens our response to public questions.

I do not mean to exaggerate the magnitude of this

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crisis. The federal union is not, of course, on the point of dissolution as it was a hundred years ago. On great foreign issues, the President is still able to unite the country readily behind him and exercise the national will effectively as Mr. Kennedy demonstrated in the Cuban missile crisis. Nor, despite the McCarthyism of a decade ago and the contemporary irrational appeal of the John Birch Society, is the state of public opinion in that decayed condition that French public morale reached in the late 1930's. We are still strangers to cynicism and defeat.

But in domestic affairs our federal government has proved very nearly unable to govern. In 1961, Mr. Kennedy talked movingly and to the point about our common problems in housing and urban affairs, education, medical care, hard-core unemployment, depressed areas, and denial of constitutional rights to Negroes. He understood the nature of these problems. He was in touch with the experts in the government and in the academic community who had many proposals to suggest. He very much wanted the government to act. But in two years and ten months, Mr. Kennedy could not persuade Congress to move. These old problems provide the occasion for a new political platform and a fresh burst of rhetoric by President Johnson this month. We have now declared "unconditional war" on poverty. One does not have to be much of a prophet to foresee that Congress will adjourn next summer leaving poverty and its victims untouched.

Nor are these problems new to the Kennedy-Johnson era. President Truman dealt with them in his first peacetime message to Congress in September, 1945, and again, after election in his own right, in the State of the Union message of January, 1949. They were the same problems that President Eisenhower adverted to from time to time during his eight years. In short, on major domestic problems, we have had under both parties nearly twenty years of drift and stalemate. Only the personality and leadership of the four occupants of the White House since 1945 have masked a scandalous *immobilism* rivaling that of the French Fourth Republic.

The reasons for this stalemate are not hard to discover. The urban and suburban voters, who make up a decisive majority of the nation, cannot make their will effective politically. In Congress, particularly in the House of Representatives, the seniority system, the committee system, the lack of party coherence and responsibility, and the overrepresentation of rural areas work to defeat majority sentiment. The legislative committees and the appropriation subcommittees, for example, have become independent baronies with which a President often pleads and negotiates in vain.

With the arrival of each new President, there is a fresh upsurge of hope. Once again, it seems that under this leader, a confident, successful America can move ahead, solve its problems, put its economic and political house in order. In 1945, it was thought that Harry Truman, direct from the ranks of Congress where he was personally so popular, could elicit cooperation from a legislative branch weary and resentful of Franklin Roosevelt's personal dominance. In 1953, Dwight Eisenhower's immense popularity and prestige held forth a bright promise of accomplishment. In 1961, the youth and vigor of the New Frontier presaged a new era. We witness the same spectacle today. On all sides, commentators assure us that President Johnson has exceptional skills as a politician and a legislative leader. It is freely predicted that he will be more successful than Mr. Kennedy in attaining the legislative goals of the New Frontier.

We would be wise to regard this optimism with reserve and skepticism. Mr. Johnson was a well-regarded Senate majority leader from 1955 through 1960. But his success consisted of managing the existing consensus in cooperation with President Eisenhower. The Civil Rights Act of 1957 broadened that consensus, but it was also the only such extension. Otherwise, Mr. Johnson devoted himself to manipulation and accommodation within a very narrow framework. It was a virtuoso performance of much interest to other professionals in the political craft, but essentially technical and arid. This kind of "inside politics" cannot really work any miracles. Its inadequacy has already been demonstrated in President Johnson's embarrassing failure to rescue the foreign aid money bill from grievous maltreatment at the hands of Representative Otto Passman of Louisiana. All that this kind of politics can do is minimize friction and occasionally improve, from the standpoint of a President and his national constituency, the terms of compromise on which a bill is enacted.

Until recent years, this kind of expertise was thought to be enough. President Eisenhower's difficulties were often attributed to his lack of this kind of legislative skill. But the experience of the Kennedy Administration, brief though it was, casts doubt on this belief. Mr. Kennedy knew all about inside politics, about interest group conflicts, patronage, and tactical legislative maneuvers. Indeed, contrary to the urgings of his more impatient and idealistic admirers, he pinned his hopes for the success of his legislative program to this kind of politics. He did not appeal over the heads of Congress to the nation or crusade for structural political reforms. His frustration on domestic issues, when set against the backdrop of nearly twenty years of stalemate and accumulating problems, suggests that the legerdemain of personal leadership, whether done in the Massachusetts or the Texas style, is not sufficient.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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Three Crucial Questions Are Inseparably Linked

The Dilemma of Succession

JOSEPH F. MENEZ

THE SHOCK and numbness of the President's death are receding but unrest over the problems of succession remains. The constitutional and political structure governing the passing of power has shown some cracks or, at any rate, some strains, not to mention confusion. The most pressing of these problems are: the method of nominating the Vice President, the Succession Act of 1947, and what constitutes Presidential "disability." Although looked at and treated separately, both constitutionally and politically, they are inseperably linked. Any solution of the legal questions involving "disability" and succession must cope with the political question of nominating a Vice President.

The tasteless jokes about the Vice Presidency—references, for example, to Mr. Throttlebottom, the dubious Vice President in "Of Thee I Sing" whose principal job is to sit in the park and feed peanuts to the pigeons—will not quite do. Although salty John N. Garner, advised Lyndon Johnson that the Vice Presidency was not worth a pitcher of warm spit, and although President Kennedy related to Governor Marvin Griffin of Georgia that if he had been successful in getting twenty-two more votes to win the Vice Presidency in 1956 "my political career would have been over," the real key to the office was the observation of John Adams: "I am Vice President of the United States. In this I am nothing. But I may be everything."

The Vice Presidency can be said to have emerged from oblivion. This is true not only because the Vice President can succeed to the Presidency—as eight have in our history—but also because the Vice President is sorely needed by the President to lessen the strain of the toughest job in the world. Since 1949, under Truman, when Congress made the Vice President a statutory member of the National Security Council, right up to the Kennedy Administration, the Vice President has played an increasing role in the formation of policy. The success of this development paid off in the smoothness with which President Johnson assumed office, a contrast with the confusion when Truman became President in 1945. Mr. Truman, who did not learn about the existence of the Atomic Bomb until some time after taking the oath of office, described his accession to the press this way: "I don't know if any of you fellows ever had a load of hay or a bull fall on him. . . . But last night the whole weight of the moon and stars fell on me." Moreover, it was a man-killing job to be suddenly called to digest some thirty-thousand words daily in order to catch up with the past.

IT IS NECESSARY, then, that the nominating convention select two candidates of Presidential caliber not only to strengthen the ticket but also to strengthen the nation. The rapid march of events demands a twentieth century kind of Vice President who is trained and capable. But along with this challenge on the political level Congress must, in addition, more realistically grapple with the problem of Presidential succession.

The Succession Act of 1947 places the Speaker of the House next in line following the Vice President and after the Speaker the President of the Senate *pro tem.* A previous law, which lasted over eighty years, vested succession in the Secretary of State and the Cabinet departments in the order created. Largely because of President Truman's fear that an incumbent could virtually name a successor, Congress changed it. This change is hardly an improvement and recalls Lucius Cary's remark: "When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change."

The case is as strong for the Secretary of State to succeed the Vice President as it is weak for the Speaker to do so. First, the Secretary of State assures continuity of policy and of administration not alone in domestic affairs but also in foreign affairs that loom so large in the national interest. He is already known to the people and the leaders of the world in a way the Speaker, whatever his legislative expertise, cannot hope to be. Second, his office is continental and executive and while he is not an elected official, the Secretary of State is confirmed by the Senate. This charge overlooks the fact, too, that the Presidential nominee in selecting a running mate already selects his successor as Franklin Roosevelt selected Truman who, in turn, selected Barkley. Third, among Cabinet officials the Secretary of State is the first among equals, a leadership recognized by both Congress and the public at large. As such, he is a powerful voice in foreign affairs. Lastly, Secretaries of State, in

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general, have been a good ten years younger, and hence more politically attractive than Speakers, if one compares the Speakers and Secretaries of this century.

The case against the present succession law of 1947 is both political and constitutional. There is weakness in one and confusion in the other. The Speaker is elected and the Secretary is not—but is this not simply a surface argument? Is the Speaker more responsible and more democratic merely because, as in the instance of Speaker McCormack from the Ninth District of Massachusetts, he was elected by 105,000 voters? It is doubtful that the Speaker elected without any relationship to possible succession—and largely in terms of seniority and longevity—can compare, in any fair test of national popularity and confidence, with the Secretary of State.

It is quite possible, moreover, that the voters could elect one administration and inherit another, since during eight of the last sixteen years the succession of the Speaker would have put into control of the White House the party which lost the previous Presidential election. While Truman was in office in 1947-1949, there was a Republican Speaker, Joseph W. Martin, Jr., and during six of President Eisenhower's eight years, the Speaker was a Democrat. The first succession act of 1792 was much like the present law, the only difference being the President *pro tem* preceded the Speaker in the line of succession. If something had happened to Arthur when Garfield died in 1881, the law would have proved worthless for with Congress not in session, there was no President *pro tem* until October 10 and no Speaker until December 5. As Lindsay Rogers has revealed, a similar situation occurred in Cleveland's Administration when Vice President Thomas A. Hendricks died.

Finally, there is constitutional speculation that the Succession Act of 1947 might be unsound for in designating what "officer" shall serve in the case of the "inability" of the President and Vice President, Congress has exceeded its powers. Members of the Congress are not "officers," only persons holding commissions in the executive or judicial departments. Further, Congressmen are subject to expulsion but not to impeachment as was decided in the case involving Senator William Blount in 1798.

Senator Keating has accepted this view, for in his proposed amendment to the Constitution he has substituted the word "person" for "officer." Still another interesting constitutional twister involves the status of the Speaker if he were to resign in order to act as President. The Constitution reads: "No person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office." But how can a resigned Speaker be an "officer" if he no longer has his seat?

A number of suggestions have been advanced to clarify this ambiguous law. (1) Both the Speaker and the *pro tem* could step down because of their advanced ages and thus take a good deal of heat from the problem. This settles nothing, for the law has a built-in impediment of fuzziness. (2) Declining to resign in case of "disability" and signing a document to that effect, the Speaker and *pro tem* could pave the way for the Secretary of State to succeed. A practical consequence of refusing to serve would be to resuscitate the Succession Act of 1866, which placed the Secretary first in line after the Vice President. Such a move would have to be agreed to by the House for without its approval it could revolt, dismiss the Speaker and elect a new one not bound by such a document. (3) Repeal the Succession Act of 1947 for that of 1866. (4) Immediately on the death of the President a joint Congress, each member having one vote, should elect another Vice President from the Cabinet or from Congress.

This is the heart of Senator Javits' proposed amendment. The merit of this suggestion, he feels, is that it has all the elements of a popular election but none of the delays inherent in a special election and it approximates the power Congress now has to break deadlocks in the electoral college. This view is unpersuasive, first, because it would violate the doctrine of separation of powers and, second, conceivably the Congress, motivated more by politics than by the national interest, could designate as successor a cabinet official in whom the President had no confidence. (5) On the death of the President have an immediate election to fill the Vice Presidency. However democratic this plan appears it is seemingly insurmountable, too expensive, too complicated and the wrong time for a talent search. (6) Elect two Vice Presidents, as Senator Keating suggests in his proposed amendment. One, the Executive Vice President, with no constitutional duties except to succeed to the Presidency and the other, a Legislative Vice President to preside over the Senate.

The virtue of this last plan, says Senator Keating, is that we would be assured that in the second Vice President, like the President, we would have an official nationally elected. However, would a nominating convention select three candidates of Presidential caliber when, with notable exceptions, Johnson being one, it

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has had difficulty naming two? Furthermore, how does one convince a topflight politician to occupy an office that contains no constitutional duties—and, no doubt, no constitutional power? Such an Executive Vice President would not only be "His Superfluous Excellency" but he would fit the description of the office uttered by Woodrow Wilson's Vice President, Thomas R. Marshall, as like a man in a cataleptic fit who "is conscious of all that goes on but has no part in it."

FINALLY, what about the third problem in this troika of constitutional dilemmas, namely, the meaning of "disability?" The Constitution reads:

"In case of the removal of the President from Office, or of his Death, Resignation, or Inability to discharge the Powers and Duties of the said Office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congress may by Law provide for the Case of Removal, Death, Resignation or Inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what Officer shall then act as President, and such Officer shall act accordingly until the Disability be removed, or a President shall be elected."

Removal (as in the case of impeachment), death and resignation are clear enough. But what is the constitutional significance of "inability to discharge the powers and duties of said office"? Further, when the Vice President succeeds a dead President, does he succeed to the "office" or merely the "powers and duties"? John Tyler, who succeeded William H. Harrison in 1841, set the precedent which has been followed ever since. He immediately called himself President. Whatever the intent of the Constitutional Fathers as to the meaning of this term, Congress subsequently adopted Tyler's view, impeached President Johnson in 1868 as "President of the United States" and initiated the Twenty-second Amendment which settles the matter.

The by-product of the Tyler precedent is that it makes no provision for an "Acting President" in case of temporary or permanent (short of death) "disability." Presidents have felt that they might not retrieve the office if relinquished even temporarily. Who can guess the constitutional crisis that would have developed if the bullet which killed John F. Kennedy had caused a brain injury instead or that President Eisenhower's illness had become worse instead of better and he had lapsed into a coma?

A little more than a year after his illness, President Eisenhower sent Congress a proposed constitutional amendment spelling out the procedure to be followed in case of "disability." It was ignored by Speaker Sam Rayburn and Republican leaders showed little enthusiasm for it. Believing that this constitutional gap, nevertheless, should be filled, Eisenhower entered into a private but "clear understanding" with Vice President Nixon about what to do in the event of "disability." This plan provided (1) that the President in case of "disability" could designate Nixon to act as President; (2) if Eisenhower were unable to communicate his "disability" then Vice President Nixon would act as President following "appropriate consultation"; and (3) the President would determine when his "disability" had ended and thus regain the "powers and duties" of his office.

This "clear understanding" served as a basis of a similar one between President Kennedy and Vice President Johnson and, in turn, between President Johnson and Speaker McCormack. These agreements, obviously, have no constitutional force, as Richard Nixon records in *Six Crises* and "are only as good as the will of the parties to keep them." That they are merely private understandings, moreover, is indicated by Congress in that no provision was made to keep the original documents, or in depositing them with the Secretary of State or of having them published in the *Federal Register*—a strange, unexplained negligence on the part of Congress when, as has been noted, trivial proclamations such as National Forest Products Week are preserved.

In the absence of a constitutional amendment permitting Congress to create machinery to determine "disability" it is unlikely Congress can do so as the Constitution now stands. Congressional power in this area relates only to cases when the President and Vice President are unable to serve. Thus, while Congress can deal with "succession" it cannot cope with "disability."

Nor could the Supreme Court be utilized to determine "disability." It is most reluctant to judge a coordinate branch of the Government, it could not increase its original jurisdiction in this area, and no federal court can on its own motion examine the actions of another branch. The Chief Justice is dead set against it as he wrote to Senator Keating: "It has been the belief of all of us that because of the separation of powers in our government, the nature of the judicial process, the possibility of a controversy of this character coming to the Court, and the danger of disqualification which might result in lack of a quorum, it would be inadvisable for any member of the Court to serve on a commission . . ."

No legal arrangement is fool-proof and rogue-proof. Yet some arrangement for a disabled President is needed. In this cold-war age the Republic cannot risk being without a functioning Chief Executive. An imperfect answer is inevitable, perhaps, but Congress can no longer afford to postpone a solution. It cannot allow a sniper, as Walter Lippmann pointed out, to change the Government by a single bullet if the Speaker represents the minority party; nor can it allow a constitutional vacuum when a President is unable to discharge his office. Nor can the nominating convention select anyone for Vice President who is less than top caliber. His selection requires the same interest, carefulness, and urgency that is now manifested in selecting a Presidential nominee. In the light of November 22, the conventions and the Congress are on trial.

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Ecclesiastical Baroque

SEVERAL WEEKS ago, in a column called "The American Layman," I wrote: "The Church has obviously been influenced by the political and social structures in which she found herself in all kinds of ways—witness the fact that we still address a Bishop as 'Your Excellency' and kiss his episcopal ring, practices which date from historic political circumstances rather than from any consideration of the essential nature of the episcopacy." Since that time a reader has called my attention to a column on the same subject which I had missed, written by Bishop Robert J. Dwyer of Reno, Nevada. I have great respect for Bishop Dwyer's opinions, and I think his reasoning deserves examination.

Bishop Dwyer uses the term "Sansculottes" from the French Revolution to refer to "that small group of extremists of the so-called liberal wing who are all for abolishing what might be called Ecclesiastical Baroque, where, indeed, they are not actually intent upon repealing Church history since the death of the last of the Apostles. . . . These good Sansculottes are loud in their demand that the hierarchy should forthwith divest itself of all the trappings, paraphernalia, and ceremonial customs and costumes which were developed during the ages when the episcopal office was largely enmeshed in the obligations and privileges of nobility."

Bishop Dwyer goes on to cite John Cogley's opinion that "the custom of kissing episcopal rings belongs to the age of absolute kings," and he suggests that Mr. Cogley would probably feel the same way about references to Bishops' houses as their "'palaces" and to their use of "coats of arms of extremely doubtful ancestry." I can't speak for Mr. Cogley, but my own regard for the frills of what Bishop Dwyer calls Ecclesiastical Baroque is almost nil.

The question here is one of relevance in an age when many regard the Church herself as an anachronism. As far as Catholics are concerned, we don't need feudal trappings to inspire respect for the Bishop's office. That respect already exists, resting on a lively appreciation of the Bishop's role as a successor of the Apostles. In my opinion this attitude is not helped one bit by anachronistic customs that are completely foreign to our way of doing things.

A more important question is this: what is the effect of these ancient customs on those outside the Church? In my view the effect is almost always bad. Such practices raise a wall between the Bishop and those he most wants to reach, making the office of Bishop seem like an interesting but irrelevant relic of the past. Customs that were taken for granted in an age of absolute kings repel in our age, when fear of authoritarianism already keeps many away from the Church. Medieval practices which were suitable when Bishops were lords temporal as well as spiritual make no sense in an age in which the last thing a Bishop would want is temporal power.

Some months ago Archbishop Helder Camara of Rio de Janeiro called on his fellow-Bishops to sell their jewelled pectoral crosses and give the proceeds to the poor, putting off all but the most Franciscan simplicity. Bishop Ancel of Lyon said that Bishops should renounce everything which cannot be reconciled with the humility of the Gospel. I agree with the spirit of both Bishops.

The central point here is the nature of the age in which we live. Materialism is a temptation in any age, but in ours the temptation is surely pre-eminent, at least in the Western world. The poor we always have with us, but in our affluent society they are largely submerged from view. Every Christian is called to bear witness that our kingdom is not of this world, and who more than a Bishop? Why should an ancient style of life be allowed to interfere with the witness of our Bishops to Christian detachment and the spirit of poverty?

If those I have known are in any way typical, the average Bishop finds the peripheral customs and trappings of his office a burden and a nuisance. Why, then, preserve them? Many, I suspect, simply share Bishop Dwyer's worries about "where is all this to end? . . . what about the Mass and the Sacraments? If Sansculottism is to be the wave of the future, then why not the Mass in streetclothes, preferably a neat pin-stripe, with a black tie? . . . Why not a kitchen table instead of a marble altar? . . . The sink ought to be as appropriate for Baptism as a carved font. . . . In other words, carry Sansculottism a little too far, and you have ridiculous nonsense."

True enough, I suppose, although I must say that as a steady diet I'd prefer Mass on a kitchen table to one of those very elaborate pontifical Masses, where ceremony involving the Bishop often obscures what is happening at the altar. In my army days I know that Mass offered on the hood of a jeep had an impressive quality all its own; it certainly seemed nothing less than a Mass. But granted that what Bishop Dwyer calls "Sansculottism" can go too far, so too can almost anything else. So, certainly, can what I now, following Bishop Dwyer, christen "Culottism," a term I use to describe the attitude of those who either fail to distinguish between the central and the trivial in Church history or find it impossible to believe that others can do so. For my part, I think it essential that we do much more to demonstrate the Church's relevance in the modern world. If there is, admittedly, the risk of going to extremes on either side, I'll still cast my lot with those Bishop Dwyer calls the Sansculottes.

JAMES O'GARA

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Some Gains—Some Uneasiness

Pilgrim in the Holy Land

THOMAS E. BIRD

THE TRIP taken by Pope Paul VI to the Holy Land, far from being a "simple pilgrim's" journey, turned out in fact to be a complex affair, subject to many interpretations and conflicting evaluations. It was made up of events to rejoice the heart, while interwoven with others open to a less joyful reading. There were some, in the first place, who saw the trip as a smoke screen designed to divert attention from the failures of the second session of the Council. Whatever the truth of these speculations, it nevertheless turned out that the trip did include some positive accomplishments which cannot easily be dismissed.

No one could have expected that the Pope's journey would enjoy the anonymity which cloaked the coming of the Magi. But equally no one anticipated the amount of planning and political meshing (and gnashing) which was necessary to make the trip a success. Nor could one have anticipated some of the anomalies of the trip—the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, for instance, being escorted by heavily armed guards and jet fighter planes.

Yet if one is to understand the trip and some of its complexities, it must be seen first in the context of the background from which it emerged.

The second session of Vatican II created major discontent in most informed quarters. One English correspondent characterized it as "a faint disappointment, a general muddlement, a longing for something hard that could be flourished in triumph." The results were a long-awaited (and long overdue) decree on the liturgy designed to warm the hearts of the faithful and to spread the Gospel of Christ across the world. (This had in fact been worked through during the first session; it was merely put into final form and promulgated at the second session.)

The only other item passed was the decree on communications media. This caused more than a few misgivings throughout all of Christendom. Those who felt anxiety about its medieval tenor, so out of joint with this century, can take solace in a remark by the late Father Gustave Weigel, S.J. He noted at a press conference that while it had indeed become official and authentic doctrine of the Church, happily it was not the "irreformable and once-and-for-all-times doctrine of the Church." How sad that he was put in the position of *consoling* the faithful about the freshest fruit of the Council.

MEANWHILE, the fourth chapter of the schema on ecumenism, dealing with the guiltlessness of the Jewish people for Christ's death, was, after repeated promises from the moderators, not taken up "for lack of time." The only Roman Catholic bishop in Israel has predicted its passage at the third session this autumn "because most bishops are friends of the Jews and are opposed to anti-semitism." For his part, Cardinal Bea is quoted as saying that "We all regret that it was not permitted to us to have at least a foretaste of a discussion concerning relations between Catholics and Jews."

The manipulations by a minority to ensure that this topic (and the question of liberty of conscience) did not reach the voting stage have been widely discussed. But at this point it still remains to register a strong *non placet* about the chapter on the Jewish people as it was presented to the Fathers. Only forty lines long, its major thrust is the peculiar relationship of the Jewish people to Christianity. It goes on to repudiate any notion of a general guilt borne by the Jews, then or now, for Christ's death.

In his opening remarks to the second session, Pope Paul professed sorrow, begged God's forgiveness and asked pardon of any separated brethren "who feel themselves to have been injured by us." Yet if there are grounds for such humility and reasons for such a confession before his fellow Christians, we might ask how much greater is the burden of guilt which the Roman Catholic Church bears towards the Jewish people (dating indeed from the time when St. Matthew penned his Gospel down through the Middle Ages when the Jewish community commenced a season of prayer and fasting at the announcement of an Ecumenical Council for fear that anti-Jewish edicts might emerge). How much more necessary it is that a statement of self-accusation and repentance for centuries of injustice be appended to the document before it is brought back to the floor.

These points might well be kept in mind when one looks at the trip itself. The State of Vatican City does not have diplomatic relations with either the Republic

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of Israel or the Kingdom of Jordan. However the differences in treatment by the papal party of the two governments was marked. The Pope's plane landed in Amman, the capital of Jordan, where an assembly of Catholic prelates was waiting to welcome him. Jordan tendered the Pontiff the welcome for a head of state, including the playing of both anthems and the firing of a 21-gun salute. The papal entourage passed both nights on Jordanian soil, entering Israel through a port of entry especially created for the occasion. (This was done in order that there be no suspicion about Vatican recognition of Jerusalem as the capital of Israel.)

In fact since Pius XII issued two encyclicals on the question in 1948, the Holy See has continually urged the internationalization of Jerusalem—to the great discomfort of Israel. No passports were presented to the Israeli border police and the name "Israel" was not used by any official member of the pilgrimage during their sojourn. The Syrian Orthodox Patriarch of Antioch expressed the hope that Pope Paul's pilgrimage would "not have any interpretations or results incompatible with the Vatican's past attitude of non-recognition of Israel or the establishment of any cooperation with Israel."

The Vatican has diplomatic relations with nearly a third of the members of the Arab League, three of which border on Israel. To be sure, Armenian, Chaldean, Coptic, Maronite, and Melkite rite Catholics are found largely in Arab countries, and the prospects of extensive missionary activity among Israelis is extremely remote. Still, even taking account of these facts, it is difficult not to feel that the sum total of the conduct of the papal party added up to unnecessary discourteousness. One is hard put to explain in reasonable terms why, in replying to the greeting of President Shazar, who recalled the atrocities undergone by the Jewish people "during this last generation," the Pope only responded formally, completely ignoring the point which the President had made. It is perfectly possible to defend the role of Pius XII against Herr Hochhuth, but also to acknowledge (in the words of the German episcopate) "guilt no human atonement can wipe out."

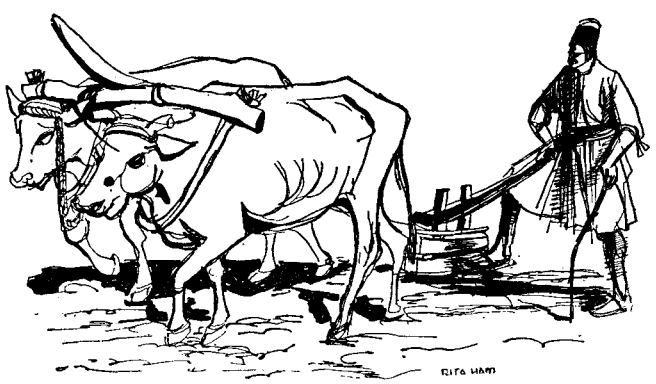
The Chief Rabbi suggested a meeting with the Roman Pontiff and invited him particularly to visit the Cellar of the Holocaust, a site commemorating the six million Jews who died at the hands of "so-called Christian nations". Although this shrine is located on Mount Zion close by the Cenacle, which was visited, the invitation of Rabbi Nissim was not honored. To his everlasting credit the Dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Tisserant, had the good grace to pause and visit the memorial where he lighted six candles in honor of the victims of Nazi racism. The demands of diplomatic practice account for the regrettable display of state power which was in constant evidence. The Pope alone cannot be faulted for this, of course. But the lack of sensitivity to Jewish history and to the nation of Israel must await a happier day for rectification.

THE much-discussed "style of Pope Paul" was most apparent in the careful and far-sighted arrangements for the meeting with His All-Holiness, Patriarch Athenagoras. Visiting the most venerable shrines of Christendom, the Pope took as counselors the present Secretary of the Congregation for the Eastern Churches and two predecessors in that office. Patriarch Athenagoras was accompanied by three archbishops, six metropolitans, and the Secretary of the Phanar. (Shortly after his election, Paul made representations to the Ecumenical Patriarchate and ascertained that a meeting was mutually desirable and could be arranged.)

Obviously, cordial public encounters, such as took place in Jerusalem, are absolutely necessary before professional discussants sit down around a conference table. If the ground is not psychologically prepared among the faithful of both Churches before talks take place, the most fruitful discussions will avail little. The encounter of the Patriarch of Old Rome with the Patriarch of New Rome was unquestionably the highlight—and, one can even think the goal—of the trip.

Orthodox-Roman Catholic relations were in an unusually bad state at the close of the second session. Only one Orthodox Church (out of twenty some jurisdictions) had sent official delegate-observers to the Council. Orthodox prelates returned from the Council expressing considerable reservation, hard to distinguish in fact from disillusion, at "the unhealthy self-concern and continuation of the spirit of Vatican I" which they found to be strongly in evidence at the Council, virtually excluding any realistic appraisal of the Eastern Churches, their status and problems.

Last September a Pan-Orthodox conference gave approval to commencing a dialogue with the Roman Catholic Church. The neutral territory of the Holy Land provided the fitting locus for initiating such conversations. (And Patriarch Athenagoras went to meet Pope Paul with the explicit approval of the Patriarchs of Antioch, Alexandria, Russia, Rumania,



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and Serbia and with the tacit acquiescence of the Patriarch of Jerusalem.) It was agreed amidst an unusually warm conversation between the two Chief Bishops of the Churches (the first such since Patriarch Joseph and Pope Eugene IV met in the fifteenth century) that a delegation of Orthodox theologians would soon undertake serious discussions of the outstanding problems with their Roman Catholic counterparts.

Recalling that Archbishop Iakovos' meeting with Pope John in 1959 was the first Orthodox-Roman Catholic encounter in three and a half centuries, this Epiphanytide meeting is the more remarkable. Here was fruit worthy of Pope John's sowing. In the wake of the news that the third session may well be the final meeting of Vatican II, we can only take comfort in the fruitful summitry while we pray and believe with the Psalmist that "strong in their Master's blessing, the pilgrims go on from height to height, till they meet Him in Zion, the God of all gods."

Here and There

The Prevalence of Violence

JOHN COGLEY

Rome

THEY SAY that living abroad is like learning a new language. The chief benefit in both cases is a sharper awareness of the logic, the shape, and the texture of what has been taken for granted at home or in one's native tongue. The more thorough the mastery of another language, the richer the appreciation of one's own; the more insight one can get into a foreign culture, the deeper the understanding of the homeland.

There is something to the argument. I know that since we took up temporary residence in Italy, I have been unusually conscious of both the English language and the American character. (And the interaction of these two is itself a fascinating subject. How much of our manner of thought and way of life is due to the special qualities of the language we speak?) Also, during recent weeks, in the aftermath of President Kennedy's assassination, there has been extraordinary interest in the American character throughout the world, here in Italy as elsewhere. A question raised frequently is whether the events in Dallas were peculiarly "American" or whether they resulted only from human aberrations and might have occurred anywhere.

Of course in this discussion great emphasis has been placed on the high proportion of American Presidents who have been murdered or threatened with murder, the wanton recent killings in the battle for civil rights, the stress on violence in the popular culture of films, television, magazines and paperback books, the weakness of the pacifist movements in the United States—and finally the perpetual reminder that, so far in history, we Americans are the only people who have ever dropped atomic bombs on helpless civilians.

Now it must always be remembered in assessing the judgments made about the United States that we are the richest, most powerful nation in the world and consequently also the most envied and most subject to moral censure. That would be true of any people which enjoyed our privilege. Nations which have been the beneficiaries of foreign affluence and have had to learn to respect foreign power, humanly enough, are ever ready to pounce on the weaknesses of the mighty one and take a certain political delight in puncturing its pretensions. But the official rhetoric of some of our spokesmen and the pious cant of many of our patriots make us Americans particularly vulnerable.

When we speak of our utter horror of violence and at the same time allow our children to spend hours before the TV set where it is glorified, our protestations sound hollow. When we encourage our statesmen to speak callously of a "bigger bang for a buck" and at the same time applaud their evangelical exhortations to the rest of the world, we are inevitably regarded with a certain cynicism. When we talk bravely of policing the world and throw up our hands at how to keep Central Park safe after dark, the irony is not missed. Who speaks for America, Adlai Stevenson or Mickey Spillane?

PROBABLY BOTH. For the two contrary strains seem to have run through American history and are still important elements in our national life. We have been a "peace-loving" nation, dedicated to the resolution of differences by debate and argument rather than violence. Our political scriptures all reflect the notion of man as a reasonable creature capable of self-government

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and rational behavior, and this has been the guiding idea of American public life. Because the nation is genuinely dedicated to it, our government has been marvelously stable and we have been spared the political turmoil that caused so much misery in other parts of the world. For example, we have been spared such sights, one recalls here in Italy, as were presented by the bodies of Mussolini and his mistress hanging in a public square, like slabs of meat—and that less than twenty years ago.

Trusting in the power of this tradition, one could reply confidently to an Italian friend, when Kennedy was assassinated, that there would be order and stability in Washington, despite the tragedy. The Italian feared that the sudden killing would lead to governmental chaos. It was not hard to assure him that the assassination rather than unleashing animal forces among the people would be followed by a thoughtful reassessment of the national character. It would be, one could say with almost absolute certainty, a sobering experience, rather than the opposite.

Only a few weeks earlier, there had been dancing in the streets of Saigon when poor Ngo Dinh Diem's death was announced. One knew that could not happen in the United States, certainly not when a President as popular as Kennedy was wiped out but even if he were very unpopular that could not happen. For Americans, at a very deep level of conviction and sentiment, remain devoted to the ideals of government set down in the Declaration of Independence and federal Constitution. Any public leader who speaks to them in the accents of the nation's founders, those luminous men of reason, can depend on a sympathetic response—as a simple friar, or a mighty Pope for that matter, who chooses to speak of the evangelical simplicities will touch the hearts of even a post-Christian generation.

But if this happy emphasis on reason is one side of the American character, there is another which can only be called an over-reliance on force and violence that is something less than edifying. It is no accident that an American name for a certain weapon of death is a "persuader." We speak jokingly of "shot-gun weddings," but they have not been unknown in our history. Nothing seems more typically American to us than the frontier sagas of quick guns and even more hasty justice. And the cheap gangsters of the nation's great cities, for all the tawdriness of their lives and pettiness of their minds, are still worshipped like obscene gods, in secret and with shame.

WE OF COURSE have no option on violence. It is found all over the world and it is not peculiar to our time or generation. But if some peoples are more given to it than others, we can not list ourselves among the more pacific, nor our generation as among the least infected with its poison. The presence of violence broods everywhere in America. It is almost impossible to escape it. Sometimes it seems to be the foremost article of our faith and the primary cult of the land.

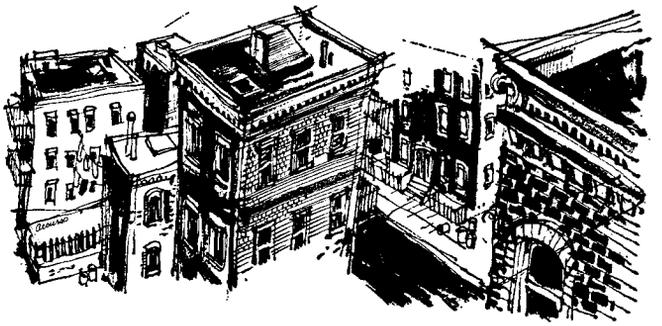
It is no secret, for example, that the military budget runs into very little difficulty in Congress, and then more often because it is not big enough rather than for the opposite reason. Programs like aid for education are easier to sell to Congress if they can somehow be tied in with national military defense needs. Thousands upon thousands of Americans, the nation over, make their livings from armaments; and a new elite, the war gamesters, is better known and much better paid than the prophets and philosophers of peace. As things are now, the American child plays with toy deathdealers in the nursery and then spends the rest of his life earning taxes to pay for the real thing.

All this is said to be necessary, and it well may be. But that is not the question I am raising here. What I am asking myself is what such concentration of effort and attention is doing to the national psyche, so to speak.

Occasionally one runs across a professional wargamester who tells crude jokes about over-kill and total devastation, and the experience is repellent. I presume that the joking is a protective device, without which one who has to live day by day in the intellectual world these men inhabit would go out of his mind. But though such people have the most obvious symptoms, aren't they suffering from a disease that has infected all of us, more or less? Aren't we beginning to accept violence not only as an inevitable but even as an honorable concomitant of life on earth? How much capacity for horror do we have left?

When, less than thirty years ago, the young son of Mussolini, returned from Ethiopia, spoke of the beauty of bombs blooming like fiery flowers over the helpless people of Haile Selassie, Americans were outraged. Not a decade later, American youths dropping bombs on the ancient cities of Europe were glorified in our press and movies and praised for their Wild Blue Yonder exuberance in doing so. It is not hard, then,to get used to the idea of violence, especially when you are not the victim of it, and to lose the sense of horror that should accompany even its most righteous use. Something like the isolated instance of the President's assassination may catch us up short, and that would be good.

I was talking the other day to an American, a well-



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known writer, who is returning to the United States after a prolonged stay in Europe. He was anxious to get home and was leaving Europe with no regrets. But he did say that he noticed, during the course of his stay, that private violence was much less common in the big cities he had lived in here than in the American cities he knew well. There is, for example, less fear connected with walking down a dark street in London or Paris than there is at home. My friend is one for sitting around bars until all hours. He said that there were so many outbreaks in the bars of Greenwich Village that he had begun to take them for granted. But in all his time in Paris he had never seen one fist fight, and the bars he frequented were not the best in town, either.

I can say the same here in Rome. I have yet to see a fist fight of the kind that is commonplace in New York, Chicago, or San Francisco. I have seen the elaborate comic-opera altercations that follow upon a slight automobile accident. Both drivers jump out of their cars, rush wildly at each other with threatening gestures and verbose charges—but no blows are struck. Each is careful to see that the other does not make a *bruta figura*, and if there are friends on hand they will step in between the two, effortlessly pulling each away from the other, but with feigned anxiety which suggests that the simple act amounts to the prevention of mayhem. Everyone knows that neither man wants to attack the other, but the liturgy is carried out solemnly and seriously. When it is completed, each gets back in his car, muttering elaborate Catholic curses, but quite unharmed.

Of course the Italians are notoriously unenamored of violence, as they prove in every war, but they love the qualities of bravery, aggressiveness, and the satisfaction of honor associated with war. At home, they have worked out this complex charade to give them the best of both worlds. I wish there was some way it could be extended to the world, though maybe one is coming into fashion. Like the Italians, no nation wants actually to use the bombs stocked in its piles—the threats and menacing gestures may have to do for awhile.

IT WOULD be good to believe that the shock of Mr. Kennedy's death will lead the nation to think seriously about the prevalence of violence in our national life. We can not be turned into a nation of pacifists overnight, and I would not want to see us so turn even if it were possible. But, to my mind, non-violence is not to be equated simply with pacifism. As a matter of fact, the simple identification of the two may be one of our problems. We tend to think of the choice as starkly simple: either passive resistance or unrestrained bellicosity. The reasoned use of force is not given the consideration it deserves.

But the reasoned use of force would require that at all times pain inflicted on another, even for the most just reason, would never be a source of satisfaction or self-preening; that measuring the amount of force required, rather than rejoicing in superfluity, would be a most solemn duty; and, finally, that the presence of violence in private as well as public life would be forever regarded as a hateful concomitant of reality and fallen nature, certainly nothing to glorify, to take pride in, or most of all to grow used to, to take for granted. That leads to callousness and to a thing of the spirit that can change a people by blunting their sensibilities, corrupting their moral sense, and leaving a terrible heritage to their children.

The sooner the leaders of America, in pulpits and out, from the President on down, begin to speak out against that spirit, the better. Like a poison gas, it is invisible, odorless, not readily detectible; but is does its work stealthily and leaves behind it a kind of death.

Something Left for Right Now

For John J. Wright, D.D.

The runover fox receding in the rear-
view mirror of my mind refocuses
a world I knew by name before it changed.
Now mountains are more present than they were.
Rivers are fiercely rivers and belie
blue veins in superscript across a map.
Horses seem strange and yet so strangely real
I cannot bear to look at them for long.
Baffled, I must re-learn the universe
as children learn the words for animals
by matching pictures to a line of print.

If there are meanings in a smear of pelt
and wild blood upon a road, I swear
these meanings break and re-create the mind.
They rally from revivals and arise
like men from underwater fear who bite
back all their breath before they reach the waves
and lunge for eucharists of sun and wind.
If promenading lovers claim by day
they never felt the night's surrendering
submerge their flesh in silences more still
and still more eloquent than requiems.

I prophesy before the jealous Lord
of mountains, rivers, horses and the first
of Eden's kisses that such lovers lie.
A silence rises from the death of flesh
that trumpets down all Jerichos of fact
and leaves us strangers in a land we claim.
So does the world dissemble in the blood
of God and somehow still remain the world.
It waits redemptions that are man's to give
from now until the land and waters burn
and four dark horses rage beneath the sun.

SAMUEL HAZO

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THE SCREEN

Your Huddled Masses

IT IS ODD that The Commonweal review in 1962 of Elia Kazan's novel *America America* should have questioned whether a movie would ever be made of the book. In telling the story of his Greek uncle's escape from Anatolian Turkey and his arduous journey to America in the late 1890s, Kazan was obviously writing a motion picture script; and a very good script it is. Now he has made from it a very good movie.

"America America" has its faults. It is far too long, especially the first part showing the cruel and ruthless persecution of the Armenians and Greeks by the Turks. And the film never makes quite clear why its twenty-year-old hero is so obsessed to get to America, though why he wants to escape from Anatolia and Turkish brutalities is made evident in scene after scene. For young, healthy, plucky Stavros Topouzoglou, America is the dominating dream; the Greek lad talks so much about the far-off land that he is nicknamed America America. The role is played to perfection by a young Greek, Stathis Giallelis, who is well-built, mildly handsome, and has an expressive face with glowing eyes and a most engaging smile. Under Kazan's direction he shows he can act, but this smile is the all-important thing. Kazan first considered calling his book *The Anatolian Smile;* what Stavros gives out with mostly is this sweet, placating, subservient smile that wins much for him but hides his hatreds, rebellion, and overwhelming desire to get to the land of his dreams.

In spite of the picture's bitterness and ironical tones, the movie as a whole is an epic poem. Its hero, actually a non-hero who sinks into moral corruption to achieve his dream, is often capable of unswerving devotion and occasional decencies. The backgrounds, beautifully photographed in Greece and Turkey, are fascinating; and so is the large cast, a mixture of Greeks, Turks, and Americans many of whom play small but telling roles.

Perhaps Stavros' story is the story of many an American immigrant, and one watches it with some sense of guilt. Has America lived up to the sacrifice and hardship demanded of its newcomers at the turn of the century? One recalls Emma Lazarus' sonnet on the Statue of Liberty. It tells about sending your poor, your tired, your huddled masses, "the wretched refuse of your teeming shore," but it says nothing about degrading them and corrupting them to get them here. No doubt many immigrants went through Stavros' hard and debasing struggles. Stavros, himself, says as his ship nears New York: "The thing I'd like most is to start this journey all over again." To that we say amen.

But one also wonders what happened next. Stavros finally gets into the country by selling himself into two years' slavery as a shoe-shine boy. I could only think here of the many Horatio Alger books I read as a boy; and I remembered the further hardships of those boys in this country. Producer-director-writer Elia Kazan has made an outstanding film in fine realistic-poetic cinema style. Its touches of irony and opportunism add to its thoughtful assets—and may even push viewers into trying to make this America worthy of all this sacrifice and hard work.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE STAGE

Patience Rewarded

ONLY A HANDFUL of playwrights now at work give us an unfailing sense of the drama as potentially revolutionary, capable of discovering new forms for the imagination and thus new truths, and Harold Pinter and Samuel Beckett, for all the difference in their sizes, are indisputably among them. For this reason, even though Pinter's new one-act play, "The Lover," falls short of his best work by a considerable distance, and Beckett's latest creation, "Play," scarcely fifteen minutes long, the twin bill which Richard Barr, Clinton Wilder and Edward Albee are presenting as the first offering of their *Theater 1964* is easily the most arresting evening on or off Broadway so far this year.

"The Lover," to take the lesser man's work first, is a vehicle for the exploration of the relations between fantasy and actuality, the occasion here being domestic actuality and erotic fantasy. During the first scenes we see a couple married ten years, bourgeois, ritualistic, the husband in finance and the uniform of finance: bowler hat, briefcase, furled umbrella; the wife in the Home: dinner at six, here's your drink, dear, how was your day? But very quickly it is established that they are participating in an unusually sophisticated arrangement. "Is your lover coming today, darling?," the man asks before leaving for the office. "Good, well have a nice day." And that night he pleasantly tells his wife about the whore he visits two or three times a week, no counterpart of the romantic figure she entertains but simply someone who can "express and engender lust with all lust's cunning." They agree before going to sleep that they indeed have a wonderful understanding.

It is undercutting a moment of high surprise to report what comes next, but any play that depends on twists for its life deserves to be undercut and any play that doesn't can of course survive it. Pinter's play doesn't, so I will tell you that when the lover arrives he turns out to be the husband, dressed now in suede jacket and ascot, shuffling in, picking up a set of bongo drums and then beginning to make passionate love to the woman, who is now slinky, high-heeled and hoarse-voiced. They

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act out a number of fantasies, including the gamekeeper-and-the-lady until their time is up and the lover has to leave so that the husband can come back.

There now sets in an increasing inability on both their parts to distinguish the fantasy life from the actual one or to keep them apart. Both become jealous and condemning, the husband insisting that the wife take the lover to a field if she has to, but "not in this house," and the wife demanding that he stop seeing the prostitute. As the walls crumble and the compartments intermingle their contents, the couple wholly lose their identities and the play ends with the husband and wife turning into the lover and whore without employing the elaborate machinery of make-believe they had used before. The image is of a breakdown of the capacity to hold reality and dream in balance, and its implications are meant to transcend the specificity of its sexual scene.

Still, "The Lover" is more suggestive than successful. It is a good deal too schematic—Pinter's periodic curse—and too underdeveloped to be of the first rank in his canon or that of the most significant recent drama. The fact that it was originally written as a work for television, being composed as a series of scenes divided by blackouts, is an obstacle in the way of even its most robust achievements. Yet it is almost continuously interesting, it is extremely funny for much of its length, it is bold enough to emerge from the realm of recapitulation and psychologizing of our traditional theater of sex-and-apocalypse, and, not least in these days of performances before the mirror, it is acted with neat, arch brilliance by Hilda Brawner as the wife and Michael Upton as the husband.

If I say very much less about Beckett's "Play" than about "The Lover," it certainly isn't because I think the latter worth more attention. On the contrary, Beckett's piece is an extraordinary work whose relation to Pinter's is that of a discovery to an experiment. But it is precisely because it is so astonishing, a fifteen or sixteen minute passage through a new dimension of drama, during which Beckett goes further in the direction of pure theater than he has ever gone before, that I find it impossible to treat it fully so soon. It is too new and too fugitive; I want to see it again and read the text if I can get hold of a copy.

For the moment all I want to say is that afterwards a friend remarked that the thing was a dream which the audience had dreamt together, and I added to myself that it was a dream from the perspective of death, which permits all incident, all event to take on essential, noncontingent existence. It was a play "about" two women and a man in funeral urns, their pale heads showing and their speech composing a reverie over the past, and telling us, as one of them says, "something about the way the mind works." In a week or two I shall have more to tell you. (*At the Cherry Lane*)

RICHARD GILMAN

Exchange of Views

Race and the Boston Schools

Roxbury, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: Basic points at issue can be obscured effectively when emotion guides the stroke of one's pen. I feel that this has happened in an article by Harvey Cox in the November 22 issue of The Commonweal.

Mr. Cox maintains that the Boston School Committee refuses even to discuss the problem of "de facto segregation in the public schools." He goes on to say that "even in the face of picketing and a sit-in, it has refused to discuss the issue." I submit that that statement should read, "Because of picketing and a sit-in it (the School Committee) has refused to discuss the issue." Here I think is a possible solution to a situation which has been heralded as having developed all out of proportion.

When representatives of the NAACP approached Mrs. Louise Day Hicks on the subject, she explained to them that if they wished their grievances to be discussed at a then forthcoming School Committee meeting, they should submit the request in the usual manner, in accordance with a long established system for so doing. Mrs. Hicks made it very clear that if the issue were introduced in the normal way, the School Committee would be most willing to discuss it. Since this was never done, it was never discussed.

By their picketing and sit-in, the members of the NAACP seem to imply that exceptions to law should be made in their favor. This is neither fair, nor logical. And insistence on such a policy breeds contempt for law.

Not for a moment am I suggesting that Negroes should fall silent or hesitate to express their views. As American citizens they have every right to be heard. But conformity with the same rules that bind everybody else is the best way to achieve this end. Picketing and sit-ins only attempt to force the issue, and history has proven that might does not make right.

All this is further emphasized when one takes note of the recent announcement that Harvey Cox now sits

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in the Williamston, North Carolina, jail. Perhaps his solitude will afford him ample time to consider his motives. Apparently he too feels that exceptions to the law should be made in his case. For he was arrested not for picketing against racial discriminaton, but for picketing against racial discrimination without a permit from the police. (*Rev.*) JOHN A. MURRAY

Reply

Roxbury, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: Father Murray's letter provides a welcome opportunity to review the sequence of events in the Boston school controversy.

The NAACP Education Committee, after months of study, first approached the School Committee on June 4, 1963 to request action to eliminate *de facto* segregation in the schools. Ten weeks of sustained talks elapsed before the NAACP, after repeated warnings, finally resorted to picketing on August 14th. During those difficult weeks, the School Committee, although it agreed to deal with some of the secondary concerns of the NAACP (enrollment policy, intelligence testing, etc.), stalwartly refused to discuss the root issue, namely the existence *in fact* of segregation in the public schools of Boston, and what to do about it. Only *after* the School Committee's unwillingness to talk about the real issue had become unambiguously clear did picketing begin. For this reason I find it hard to imagine why Father Murray believes it was "because of picketing . . . " that the School Committee refused the discussion.

Contrary to what Father Murray believes, the proposals of the NAACP were submitted according to accepted practice. The proposals were drafted by highly competent persons in the fields of law, education and group relations. The reason the School Committee gave for holding that there was something irregular about the procedure stems from the opinion, held by several School Committee members, that the racial composition of the schools is not an "educational issue" and therefore fell outside their competence. This opinion, however, is clearly out of keeping with best legal and judicial thinking in this area. On June 27, 1963, Chief Justice Gibson, speaking for the highest tribunal of California stated:

"So long as large numbers of Negroes live in segregated areas, school authorities will be confronted with difficult problems in providing Negro children with the kind of education they are entitled to have. . . . Where such segregation exists it is not enough for a school board to refrain from affirmative discriminatory conduct. . . . The right to an equal opportunity for education and the harmful consequences of segregation require that school boards take steps, insofar as reasonably feasible, to alleviate racial imbalance in the schools regardless of its cause."

Thus the Boston School Committee has refused to deal with an issue which does fall within its competence and for which it has a responsibility. Its refusal to do so elicited the demonstrations, not vice-versa.

Father Murray, in disapproving of picketing and sit-ins, may have failed to notice that these non-violent techniques have been utilized by advocates of abolition, women's suffrage and labor unions. As non-violent methods they represent the exact opposite of the "might makes right" doctrine with which he mistakenly identifies them. They are techniques of peaceful persuasion in the best tradition of American democracy.

It may also interest Father Murray to know that I enjoyed very little solitude in the Williamston, N. C., jail during which to consider my often admittedly very fallible and imperfect behavior. Such penitential solitude was denied me on this occasion because I was arrested with nearly ninety fellow Christians, Negro and white. We constituted in turn only a small fraction of the estimated sixty thousand persons arrested in 1963 alone in the great struggle for freedom now sweeping our nation. A jail is a bad place to go seeking solitude nowadays. We would naturally have respected a normal parade-permit ordinance, but the one under which we were arrested is no such thing. It is a patently unconstitutional harassment, passed only a few weeks before and specifically designed to thwart and hinder demonstrations. It is worded in such a way as to allow police to deny a permit any time they wish. Since comparable ordinances have already been struck down in appeal courts we were advised by the legal counsel of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to test this one and thus remove one more obstacle from the pathway to freedom and equality for all people. A few days in jail is a small price to pay for rendering such a service.

(*Rev.*) HARVEY COX
Assistant Professor
Andover Newton Theological School

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From Christmas to Christmas—A Ramble with the Wapshots

The Wapshot Scandal. By John Cheever. Harper and Row. $4.95.

by George Greene

MR. CHEEVER should have called his new book *The Education of Coverly Wapshot,* for already I can hear the critical establishment lining up to praise its technical skill while gently, paternally, dismissing its graver implications. Some hint of Henry Adams, that earlier and indisputably serious citizen of the South Shore of Boston, might take off the curse. I grant that this parallel demands not only decorum, but also that dexterity which comes with consummate art. If John Cheever does not handle words with requisite skill, I know of no American writer better equipped to imply without offense.

Early in *The Wapshot Scandal,* Coverly reads from Tristram Shandy. Not long afterwards, alone in the family house, he sees the ghost of his father Leander, whom readers of *The Wapshot Chronicle* will know as traveler, lover, skipper of the launch *Topaze.* The scene is important for both the Wapshots and their author. Critics have long admired the *Tristram Shandy* side of Mr. Cheever—wry, wild exposures of delusion and erratic sexuality among members of our country club set. Surely he has earned the right to be judged on a more ambitious level? For he is now more involved in reassessing the claims of ghosts than in relaying scandal.

Mr. Cheever is a member of the varsity squad among masters of the American short story. He figures, not only as contributor, but also as oracle as to how the tale was achieved, in that most revered Creative Writing Bible, *Understanding Fiction* by Brooks and Warren. Apparently this very success causes reservations whenever Mr. Cheever embarks on longer journeys. One thinks of Carlos Baker's observation about *The Wapshot Chronicle* of 1957, when, after praising its invention and variety, he concluded that "architectonics" was not among its author's gifts.

This sequel also explores a regional state of mind, and its voices go beyond the common range in contemporary fiction, which most often mirrors some existential victim in frontline trench, prison, or mental hospital. Mr. Cheever studies the generation of Moses and Coverly, though an older age group figures importantly through Cousin Honora, who courts trouble by her failure to pay income taxes. In the town of St. Botolphs children still phone the general store to inquire whether the proprietor has Prince Albert in the can, then gleefully demanding that he be freed.

In this bucolic crossroads Honora Wapshot occupies an imposing, indeed solemn, position. She insists on wearing white, except for Labor Day, when she dons the color of mourning. Yet sad lapses overshadow comedy. Moses' wife, distraught by the limits of suburbia, takes a delivery boy as her lover. Miles away from New England Coverly, tempted also by selfishness and lust, resists the destructive relativism of Dr. Cameron, head of the Talifer Missile Site, a revolt symbolized by Coverly's campaign to do a word count of the poetry of John Keats on a computer.

Explosions of wild antics relieve more weighty moments when members of the Wapshot clan seek with something like desperation to define themselves, or to revive the sense of security once provided by their family's image of itself. The *Chronicle* began with Independence Day. *The Wapshot Scandal* starts—and ends—with Christmas. We have moved beyond those decades of self-congratulation when we could loudly indulge ourselves in parochial oratory. The missile site, grotesque and frightening, looms like some set for a horror film after midnight.

Dr. Cameron reads *Western Romances.* During a Senate investigation, he plays a Bach air for solo violin, hoping to prove he is cultured. At this same session one learns about the retarded son he once confined in a locked closet. Dr. Cameron represents the modern enemy of the Wapshots, who have long been disqualified for theological debate and too fallible to issue social edicts. Such a man projects an atmosphere "where we seem to regard one another with the horror and dismay of a civilization of caricaturists."

No one can accuse the Wapshots of being caricaturists, which accounts for their edification as well as their entertainment. Old Leander possessed that indestructible youthfulness found in certain Yankee faces, but his face—at least in old age—was the face of a boy who had seen the Gorgon. This is his bequest to the next generation, and the question raised by one of his daughters-in-law underlines the most central paradox. ". . .why, in this most prosperous and equitable world, should everyone seem so bored and disappointed?"

No one will be surprised anymore at Mr. Cheever's tactical successes in portraiture and dialogue that exposes like an x-ray. The bar of the Viaduct House, St. Botolph's solitary hotel, "smelled like a soil excavation." Mr. Williams keeps a picture of Woodrow Wilson framed in a mahogany toilet seat. "'My husband's family came over on the *Arbella,*'" says Coverly's wife. "'That's the ship that came after the *Mayflower* but it had a higher class of people.'" Almost all of the participants are fond of using the name of Christ "out of its liturgical context." Mr. Applegate, the Episcopal pastor, hears the requests of his congregation as he distributes holy communion. "("Shall I buy a new icebox?" "Shall I send Emmett to Harvard?")" Yet sometimes even Mr. Applegate dreams about "a renaissance without brigands, an ecstasy of light and color, a kingdom!"

Mr. Cheever is dramatizing the radical melancholy as well as the peripheral laughter as modern Americans, moreso than their ancestors, find themselves forced to forge in large part their own culture. His

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characters revive that most archetypal and, by now, pathetic solution of flight. Not only do Honora but Melissa and her lover escape to Europe, while Dr. Cameron flies for appointments with a Roman tart. Coverly remains on the fighting line, for no "suspension of conscience" will reach him beyond the Atlantic.

Coverly is more conscious of the special problems of our era, one when, for the first time, "Total disaster seemed to be some part of the universal imagination." Like all of us, he wants more than a private solution to the war between "the head and the groin." It is in this area where a code, no matter how tainted by exaggeration and, worse still, pretense, comes to his aid.

No recent novel has more sharply verified the passion of loneliness which looms larger and larger on our American scene. Expatriates in Italy "seemed set apart by an air of total unpreparedness for change, for death, for the passage of time itself." Page after page exposes those imbalances, physical as well as mental, which distort our cities. Food markets, significantly, resemble temples or art exhibits, "galleries and galleries of canned goods, heaps of frozen poultry and, over by the fish department, a little lighthouse above a tank of sea water in which lobsters swam." One individual suspects what may be wrong. "Could it be true that his character was partly formed from rooms, streets, chairs and tables?"

More than lobsters, and for better cause, human beings need an environment, a loyalty. At length Coverly accepts the possibility that his life, his portion of "some delight and some dismay," need not condemn him to solitary confinement. Honora, home from Europe, slips into death, but not before she has called Coverly back to New England. And there his education, accidental, often comic, continues. There may well be some discipline accessible only through long winters, enforced introspection, such as that which once formed men where "the bitter cold gave to the dark sky the acoustics of a shell."

Winter terrain is always harsh, but it possesses the inestimable advantage of allowing us to hear others and to know that they can hear us. "'Let us pray,'" Mr. Applegate lurches, half drunk, through another Christmas service, "'for all alcoholics measuring out the days that the Lord hath made in ounces, pints and fifths.'" His words evoke the dilemma of the Wapshots and, through them, of many of the rest of us, with our demands for rapture, our weakness for shortcuts, our national sin of impatience. If John Cheever is not dealing with problems which legitimately belong to the province of the novel, I know of no one who may claim to be laboring in that privileged and dangerous vineyard.

Church Journalism

The Religious Press in America. By Martin E. Marty, John G. Deedy, Jr., and David W. Silverman; with a commentary by Robert Lekachman. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $4.

by Robert Hoyt

IN A PREFACE the publishers of this book note that the U.S. religious press has an estimated total circulation of nearly fifty million, a figure which points to a combined annual budget in the hundreds of millions. This is enough to suggest that church-related journalism in this country is a big and busy enterprise. Further proof is contained in the book's three principal essays, taking up separately the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish press. Each writer deals seriously with the history of his subject, recalls heroes and controversies of the past, lists and examines an abundance of titles, measures performance against potential.

Yet the publishers note also that this is the first book-length study of the subject and, borrowing a term from Dr. Marty's essay, they speak of the "invisibility" of the religious press. Dr. Marty himself is deeply involved in the Protestant press, as an associate editor of the *Christian Century*, but he achieves detachment enough to ask: "Is there a Protestant press?" If so, who ever heard of it? What difference does it make? Of the 1,500 religious periodicals in this country, how many have a public existence—even on the newsstands of major airports?

In his brief (ten-page) "commentary," appearing here as a sort of epilogue, Robert Lekachman explains provocatively why the religious press is invisible. He was invited to discuss its performance from the viewpoint of the "open-minded outsider." His conception of this role makes it possible for him to exclude most religious publications from his study after the briefest mention. To reach the "outsider," religious publications would have to address themselves to his needs as a human being (and to speak his language), and they don't try to do this. It is difficult for religious editors to realize how esoteric and inner-directed are their products, but the outsider instantly recognizes the mark of the house organ or the trade journal. The employees' newsletter at Macy's offers no service to the clerk at Gimbel's. A non-collector will page through a journal of philately only out of a compulsive addiction to print, or out of curiosity about an obsession he does not share.

By his radical use of this criterion Mr. Lekachman culls all but a handful of journals. (He lists six: the *Christian Century, Christianity and Crisis, America, The Commonweal, Commentary* and *Midstream.*) They deserve notice because they speak to the whole society on issues of universal concern in a way which concedes primacy to the common good. But of these journals it must be asked in turn whether they embody an approach to reality sufficiently distinct from that of comparable secular journals to justify their separate existence.

On some issues of Church and State, education and public morality, he finds, these magazines do put forward an alternative understanding of life and the cosmos, without falling into special pleading. But on most domestic issues (collective bargaining, business ethics, etc.) and on the larger issues of war and peace, what they have to say, though often well said and worth saying, is not distinguishable from the arguments and conclusions of their secular rivals, failing, Mr. Lekachman ar-

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gues, to "sound a clear religious note in the public dialogue."

When these judgments are challenged, Mr. Lekachman will be able to appeal for support to the open-minded insiders who are his collaborators in this volume. Martin Marty argues that if the Protestant press were to disappear tomorrow, the non-Protestant public would hardly notice. The churches themselves would get along very well, for the services the Protestant press now performs could be readily supplied by other means—more tracts, more promotional folders. In his turn John Deedy bears down heavily on sectarian, parochial and tribalist characteristics of Catholic publications and on their general failure to take the temporal order seriously. Rabbi David W. Silverman speaks of the "general vacuity," "religious aimlessness" and social irrelevance of the Jewish press.

This athletic style of breast-beating absorbs most of the energy of all three essayists, though each enters qualifications and notes exceptions. At least in the Catholic press, self-criticism of similar vigor has gained a hearing lately, but it has also drawn condemnation as faddish, invalid, the product not of religious or journalistic insight but of egghead tastes. It is attacked also for failing to recognize improvements in standards, growth in circulation, and actual reader preferences; and for hurting promotion.

Whether the criticisms are valid depends on what is to be expected of the religious press. Mr. Deedy is right, then, when he says that the primary unmet need of the Catholic (read: religious) press is to determine what it is for. I believe Dr. Marty best expresses the answer which is more or less common to the three essays. In substance he says that the churches have created not a religious press but an ecclesiastical press. In adopting it as an instrument, the churches have assigned to the press the same primary function given to almost every other institution administered by church bureaucracies, that of nurturing loyalty, providing identity, building group morale. Religious publications are neither "audience-centered" nor "witness-centered" but "program-centered." Therefore they do not assist their readers to confront or penetrate reality; instead they serve up reality already processed, with the perspective of the institution built in. This perspective (need it be said?) is not necessarily identical with that of religion.

When the promotion of loyalty and the support of the churches' institutional aims become the informing purpose of the religious press, the results are, on the one hand, a propagandistic flavor and an excessive absorption with organizational trivia, and on the other a guaranteed failure even to attempt the very different work for which the press is best equipped. Part of this work is that of candidly examining and criticizing the inner life of the churches themselves—a necessary work that will be done only sporadically or secretly if it is not undertaken by the press.

The other principal work for which the religious press ought to accept responsibility is harder to sum up except in clichés: the work of relating religion to life, of creating a theology of the moment, of "portraying an evangelical style of life" in the midst of this world, or, in Lekachman's phrase, of "sounding a clear religious note in the public dialogue." Professor Roland E. Wolseley of Syracuse University has said that whereas the development of loyalty has been pursued by the religious press with an excess of zeal that leads to the selection of all-Methodist football teams, the responsibility of interpreting the current scene has been neglected; and this neglect has contributed to the "massive failure of the grass-roots church or temple to shed religious light on world events."

The essays by Mr. Deedy and Rabbi Silverman take up the same themes and, in general, reach similar conclusions. In discussing how to improve the performance of the Catholic press in coping with the temporal order, Mr. Deedy relies rather more than I would on measures to improve the theological competence of lay editors; I think a course in journalism for publishers would do more for the Catholic press than a course in theology for lay editors. Both the freedom and the competence of the Catholic press will grow to the extent that the bishops take the press seriously.

Until very recently the concepts of public opinion within the Church and of freedom of information about church affairs as a personal right have been shadowy or non-existent—and this not merely because the proper function of the Catholic press has been misunderstood but because of inadequate insight into the nature of the Church. So also with the authenticity of temporal values. As the Council explores these areas, it will be up to Catholic journalists themselves to point out the implications for the Catholic press, to the end that it may gain in visibility.

On Love

The Psychology of Loving. By Ignace Lepp. Helicon. $4.95.

by Robert T. Francoeur

SELDOM is a reviewer tempted to superlatives, but here the temptation is embraced warmly. There is a whole library of Catholic books on love and marriage—devotional, theological, etc.—which so often turn out to be pious stuff incapable of impressing the modern couple or of reaching them with a meaningful and intelligent solution to their daily problems. At long last we have a work which is both Catholic and universal, a book based on actual psychological experience with modern men and women which more than adequately matches the classics by Eric Fromm, Betty Friedan, Simone de Beauvoir, and Ashley Montagu for intelligibility, practical sense and down-to-earth reality.

The introduction clearly sets a practical tone: "What the world requires and every human being urgently needs is love that is truly human. Such love is *both physical and psychological* at the same time. Only a man who is capable of loving a woman, and only a woman who is capable of loving a man, is in a position to love friends, God and humanity in a genuine way."

Father Lepp's reflections stem

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from his work as a practicing psychologist. Drawing from the classical schools of Freud and Jung as well as from modern depth psychologists, he roams through twelve absorbing chapters: Psychophysical Symbiosis (first love, blind eros, reciprocity in love, masculine and feminine ways of love), Choice of a Partner (ways of approach, in search of ego's ideal, choices based on complexes), Platonic Love, Love and Incest (The Oedipus complex, A myth invented by Freud), The "Paraphiliae" (narcissism, homosexuality, lesbianism, sado-masochistic love), Frustrated Love (emotional cripples, fear of love, the illusion of being in love), Love and Aggression, Marriage—the enemy of love, Chain Love, The Death of Love, Friendship, and The Sublimation of Love.

The examples and cases used are very well integrated into the flow of the text. These may, however, seem to be extremes and thereby lend an unnecessary pessimistic air to the treatment. Yet in the overall picture, the tone is decidedly constructive and optimistic.

Some points of exceptional note include Father Lepp's comments on the essential role of eroticism in Christian love, on the psychology of women not particularly blessed with physical beauty, a psychology which often unnecessarily hinders their success in love, on "the crowd of lonely individuals" living in our large cities, and on frigidity and jealousy. His practical and simple advice on training children in love and in the *expression* of emotions, passions and eros should prove invaluable for all concerned with the Christian education of youth.

The chapter "Marriage, The Enemy of Love" deserves special mention. Beginning with a discussion of "The separation of marriage and love in the past," Father Lepp exposes the crucial change now taking place in our psycho-social picture of marriage. In the past, love, eros and sex were separated from marriage and the raising of a family. A wife was not a companion, much less a lover; her sole role in life was the "generation and education of children." However our modern society has undertaken the task of educating women for more than the traditional wife-mother role.

The resulting conflict between the wife-mother image and the full expression of her individual personality has become one of the most critical, perplexing, and frustrating conflicts in the world of the modern woman. Career woman *vs.* mother; intelligent companion for an educated husband *vs.* mistress of a household; lover *vs.* bearer of children: traditional opposites which now must be integrated. Since "the traditional forms of conjugal life are more and more found to be out of tune with the present state of human consciousness," a solution has to be found to this antinomy.

Father Lepp offers six points he feels we should include in any attempted solution: marriages must be based on true love, the perfect integration of spirit and body, heart and mind; a halt to considering marriage as an end in itself; the need for education to stress that women as much as men should seek self-fulfillment beyond the confines of the home, principally in some professional activity; a development of psychological (moral) independence in women through economic independence; a realization by both husband and wife that their love must move beyond a duet to be placed at the service of some transcendent cause within and beyond the family circle; and finally, the realization that the banalities of daily married life must be enriched by the integration of erotic love into the modern Christian marriage.

Intelligent adults, young couples, educators, priests, and nuns may turn away from the ordinary Catholic book on love because it "sounds nice but says little or nothing." Such will not be the case with Father Lepp's *Psychology of Loving*. Whether we agree or not with what he says, this is a "must book" for all Catholics.

REVIEWERS

George Greene, who has appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* and *The Critic*, teaches at Bridgewater State College, Massachusetts.

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ART

U. S. Art Today

THE ANNUAL Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting at the Whitney Museum in New York City (a bi-annual, actually) has a certain latent interest that always lends it fascination. Despite, or perhaps because of its reputation for diversity, its honest choices keep it from foundering and present a valuable view of all that is going on—including flashes of merit or (who knows?) fireworks of major talent. It is the sporting chance of the latter that gives the event its special flavor.

This time, either the output of American painters has been more humdrum than usual over the past two years—perhaps we are in a lull, the fever of abstract expressionism spent, and no other fever quite taking its place—or else the search for diverse styles has been followed to a fault and the effect is so diffuse as to appear sadly watered-down. The last alternative seems likelier.

The title of one of the paintings, *Mumbling Prophet*, might be borrowed to describe the atmosphere of this Annual. John Canaday in the New York *Times* said that "there are omissions and inclusions to please and offend everybody"; he appears to think this is a "healthy" thing, but such a method, of itself, is bound rather to please no one (except Mr. Canaday) and, what is worse, may present a false picture of contemporary American art.

In a recent article Kenneth Tynan, the noted British drama critic, says "the critic is a man who knows the way but can't drive the car." I would go further and say he doesn't know the way either—it's only when the artist takes him for a ride that the critic finds it out. A critic is essentially only a witness—ideally, a perceptive and eloquent one—to the artistic experience; he is not just overstepping his function if he points the way, he is failing to understand the very nature of art. It is certainly valid for passengers and critics to have their favorite routes—but it is an error to imagine they can assist or

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anticipate the creative artist in pointing them out.

The Whitney Annual has, by leaning over backwards to avoid this error, fallen prey to its opposite: indiscriminately endorsing variety.

There is so much that is mediocre in the 1963 Annual, that at first sight the best painting is cloaked in the surrounding twilight. However, there is a substantial amount of fine work there after all, although no overriding élan carries a group of artists to produce good paintings of a related kind—as was certainly the case both four and six years ago. This is a notable circumstance, if true, but as the exhibit appears unrelentingly dedicated to diversity in any case, one's confidence in the correctness of this observation is shaky.

At one end of the spectrum you find Hopper's *Road and Trees*, a naturalistic frieze brushed by the light air of spring magic; at the other, Edward Corbett's *Provincetown September 1963 #2*, a close-knit composition of crisp geometric color. Abstract expressionism informs Jose Guerrero's *Grey Sorcery*, where light blooms under dashing brush strokes—as far from Corbett in style and intent as it is from Hopper, although all three are celebrations of nature.

In an intimate painting by Colleen Browning called *Sidewalk* you look down on a lonely expanse of dark fissured material sparked by the tiny barearmed figure of a little girl in a white dress writing on it with chalk. This haunting scene swallows up the literary sense in its plastic form. George Tooker's realistic forms, exquisitely rendered, are on the other hand playfully subordinate to a literary scheme in *Mirror*, an objective work where an idealized skull looks over a young woman's shoulder into the mirror held in her hand.

Esteban Vicente's *Collage With Yellow, Blue and Orange* has a jagged-edged abstract elegance, while Georgia O'Keefe's *Sky Above Clouds II* continues to remind us of *her* kind of elegance, like a rarified botanical dream. Sustaining strong individual expressions too are Motherwell with his fateful *Automatic Image*, and Stuart Davis, whose cut-out jumping forms enliven *Punch-Card Flutter Number 3*.

Why, when there is so much that is splendid as well as various being painted in America, should there be any need to pursue variety *per se*? Surely this is as doctrinaire an attitude as the one so frequently derided as "imposing trends."

It may be argued that if they exercised a sterner selection, the Whitney Annual would lose its character of providing a plum pudding in which the public can discover for itself the delicious tidbits included in the mix. What must not be forgotten is that one is apt to miss the tidbits altogether if the pudding is not good enough to whet your appetite.

BETTY KAUFMAN

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Contemporary American Painting:
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National Gallery, Washington, D.C., through March 1

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Sunday, January 26

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